Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleave to my roofe within my mouth,
Vnleſſe a pardon, ere I riſe or ſpeake.
Bul. Intended or committed was this fault?
If on the firſt, how hainous ere it be,
To winne thy after-love I pardon thee.
Aum. Then give me leave, that I may turne the key,
That no man enter till the tale be done.
Bul. Have thy deſire. *Yorke within.*
Yor. My Liege beware, looke to thy ſelfe,
Thou haſt a Traytor in thy preſence there.
Bul. Villaine, ile make thee ſafe. feare.
Aum. Stay thy revengefull hand, thou haſt no cauſe to
Yor. Open the doore, ſecure foole-hardy King:
Shall I for love ſpeake treaſon to thy face?
Open the doore, or I will breake it open. *Enter Yorke.*
Bul. What is the matter (Vncle) ſpeake, recover breath,
Tell us how neere is danger,
That we may arme us to encounter it.
Yor. Peruſe this writing here, and thou ſhalt know
The reaſon that my haſte forbids me ſhow.
Aum. Remember as thou read'ſt, thy promiſe paſt:
I doe repent me reade not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.
Yor. It was (villaine) ere thy hand did ſet it downe.
I tore it from the traytors boſome, King.
Feare and not loue, begets his penitence;
Forget to pitty him, leaſt thy pitty prove
A ſerpent, that will ſting thee to the heart.
Bul. Oh heinous, ſtrong, and bold conſpiracy,
O loyall Father of a trecherous Sonne:
Thou ſheere, immaculate, and ſilver fountaine,
From whence this ſtreame, through muddy paſſages
Hath had his current, and defil'd himſelfe.
Thy overflow of good, converts to bad,
And thine abundant goodneſſe ſhall excuſe
This deadly plot, in thy digreſſing ſonne.
Yor. So ſhall my vertue be his vices bawd,

And he ſhall ſpend mine Honour, with his ſhame:
As thriftleſſe Sonnes their ſcraping Fathers Gold.
Mine honour lives when his diſhonour dyes,
Or my ſham'd life in his diſhonour lies:
Thou kill'ſt me in his life, giving him breath,
The Traitor lives, the true man's put to death.
Dutcheſſe within.
Dut. What hoa (my Liege) for Heavens ſake let me in.
Bul. What ſhrill-voic'd ſuppliant makes this eager cry?
Dut. A Woman and thine Aunt (great King) 'tis I.
Speake with me; pitty me, open the doore,
A begger begs, that never begg'd before.
Bul. Our Scene is alter'd from a ſerious thing,
And now chang'd to the begger, and the King:
My dangerous Coſin, let your Mother in,
I know ſhe's come to pray for your foule ſin.
Yor. If thou do pardon, whoſoever pray,
More ſinnes for this forgiveneſſe, proſper may.
This feſter'd joynt cut off, the reſt reſts ſound,
This let alone, will all the reſt confound. *Enter Dutcheſſe.*
Dut. O King, beleeve not this hard-hearted man,
Love, loving not it ſelfe, none other can.
Yor. Thou franticke woman, what doſt thou make here,
Shall thy old dugges once more a Traitor reare?
Dut. Sweet *Yorke* be patient, heare me gentle Liege.
Bul. Riſe up good Aunt.
Du. Not yet, I thee beſeech.
For ever will I kneele upon my knees,
And never ſee day that the happy ſees,
Till thou give joy: vntill thou bid me joy,
By pardoning *Rutland*, my tranſgreſſing Boy.
Aum. Vnto my Mothers prayers, I bend my knee.
Yorke. Againſt them both, my true joynts bended be.
Dut. Pleades he in earneſt? Looke upon his Face,
His eyes do drop no teares: his prayers are in jeſt:
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breſt
He prayes but faintly, and would be deny'd,
VVe pray with heart, and ſoule, and all beſide: